

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

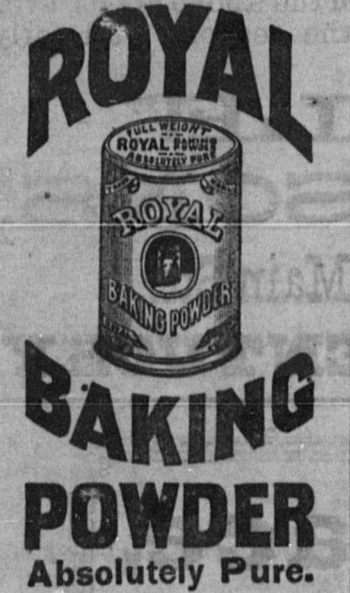
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Adventures of Tad; —OR THE— HAPS AND MISHPAS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.
AUTHOR OF "PETER ARABIAN," "BROWN OUT
TO SEA," "PAUL GRAYTON," ETC.
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Published by Special Arrangement.)

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Tad knew nothing about playing a
trumpet, and if he had it would have made
no difference, owing to his primitive
fishing tackle. He pulled vigorously;
so did the trout, and "snap!" went the
end of the line, leaving Tad in a
mad frenzy of excitement, with three-
fourths of the rod in his hands, danc-
ing madly on the rocks.

Joe was equal to the situation.
Dropping his own pole, he made a dive
for the broken fragment, which was
floating in sight. Gathering the slack
line carefully in his hands, a vigorous
tug landed high and dry the largest
trout ever caught in Mill brook.

"There!" Joe exclaimed, as Tad re-
garded his prize in an amazement too
deep for words, "you've caught the one
real trout you've wanted to—now, I
guess you'd better be getting home,
without doing any more fishing."

"All right," returned Tad, mourn-
fully, "but you caught him, after all,
Joe." But Joe stoutly asserted that
Tad looked him first, while he—Joe—
only helped to bring the big fish safe to
land. And, in the discussion of the ex-
citing episode, the walk home was ac-
complished in a surprisingly short time.

Tad's big trout was baked for sup-
per, and was generally agreed by the
four who partook thereof that the flavor
was particularly fine. Tad himself se-
cretly thought he had never eaten any-
thing so delicious in his whole life. But
it is not unlikely that the knowl-
edge that he himself had furnished this
important adjunct to the evening meal
gave it an additional relish for Tad.

By this time Tad had begun to feel
very much at ease with these quiet,
home-like people. As they gathered
about the open fire-place, with its
smoldering back-log, after the tea-
chings were cleared away, and the big
kerosene-lamp was lighted, he opened
his heart to their kindly questioning,
and spoke freely of his past life. There
was really little or nothing to keep
back, for, as I have said, thanks to the
memory of his mother's teachings and
a natural uprightness of character, Tad
had escaped the evil ways which a
homeless, friendless boy is so apt to fall
into, and though he had faults in
abundance, he was, on the whole, a
more upright young fellow than many
whose surroundings and advantages
had been far more favorable than
Tad's.

"So you're to begin ship's duties to-
morrow, is that so?" Monday—oh, Tad! re-
marked the Captain, thoughtfully, to
break a little silence which had fallen
upon the group.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I
do hope she'll like me."

"She'll be hard to suit if she don't,"
returned Mrs. Flagg, clicking her toes
decisively together as they flashed in
and out of the meshes of a
blue yarn sock that she was knitting
for the Captain. For the good lady,
whose heart was large enough to take
in at least half a dozen motherless boys
and girls, had begun to regard Tad
with considerable favor.

"I know she'll like you," said Polly,
confidently, as she looked up from the
fascinating pages of "Little Women,"
which she was reading for the first time,
while Bounce slumbered peacefully in
her lap.

"You just go on and do your duty
unto Miss Smith's accord," you'd
have it done to you, Tad," remarked
the Captain, oracularly, "and you
needn't have no fears. Miss Smith,"
continued Captain Flagg, with upraised
finger to command attention, "is a
female that's had a tempestuous y'g in
life, as it were, a losing of every re-
lation she had, which has gone to make
her a bit cranky; but she's good-hearted
and God-fearing, and once you get into
her good books, you're always there."

"They say she's got a han'sum prop-
erty that her folks left her—some-
where high ten thousand dollars," Mrs.
Flagg observed, in a voice that evinced
considerable respect for the possessor
of such wealth. For in Bixport the
person with an unnumbered estate
and a thousand dollars was "well-to-
do"; while the owner of ten thousand
dollars was regarded in the light of a
millionaire.

CHAPTER X.
On the following morning, when
Tad, having opened his eyes to the
glad sunlight which streamed in at the
east window of his little room, began
to pull his drowsy ideas together, he
remembered that it was Sunday.

"They'll want me to go to church,
and I don't look decent," thought Tad,
disconsolately with a glance in the di-
rection of the chair where he had
placed his tumbled clothing the night
before.

But what was this? A partly worn
suit of serviceable tweed cloth—the
very counterpart of that in which Joe
Whitney was arrayed when he sprang
aboard the "Mary J.," hung over the
chair-back. And, as if that was not all,
the chair itself lay all the other essen-
tials of a boy's toilet, neatly folded,
even to a coarse white linen collar, a
whisk of black neck-ribbon, a pair of
but little used lace-up boots, and a
"second-best" straw hat.

Scarcely able to believe the evidence
of his astonished eyes, Tad slipped out
of bed, and proceeded to investigate.
On the top of the pile was a bit of pa-
per, whereon, in an irregular, boyish
scrawl, were written the words: "To pay
for makin' Miss Smith think you was
deaf and playin' it was a bare—J. White-
ney."

After Tad had gone to bed on the

previous evening, Mrs. Flagg slipped
over to Deacon Whitney's, and ably
seconded by the special pleadings of
Joe, succeeded in enlisting the full sym-
pathies of the family in behalf of shab-
bily-dressed Tad. Joe's wardrobe was
overhauled, and a selection made, re-
sulting in the surprise to Tad which I
have mentioned.

"Well, he's what I call a nice-look-
ing boy," was Mrs. Flagg's inward
comment, as Tad, with hair neatly
combed and face and hands scrubbed
till they fairly shone, came shyly down-
stairs dressed in his new suit.

Polly smiled upon him approvingly;
the Captain remarked that he didn't
know about taking such a dandified-
looking chap to church along of such
plain-dressed folks as the Flagg family;
and Mrs. Flagg gave him a motherly
kiss.

"That's so much like Joe," laughed
Polly, as the display of the paper which
Tad had found with his little gift
necessitated an explanation of Joe's
previous performances.

"Always remember," Tad coun-
seled the Captain, with a grave shake
of the head, as they sat down to the
table together, "what Solomon says
about a wise son makin' a glad father
—and—and he that is not warned
thereby is not wise," concluded Captain
Flagg, who was somewhat of a little heavy
in the exercise of his quotations.

After breakfast, the Captain read a
chapter from the New Testament aloud,
making comments upon the text, for
the edification of Tad and Polly, who
listened with respectful attention. And
then, after awhile, at the summons of
the rather musical church-bell, the
whole family decorously made their
way to the meeting-house, close by.

The Bixporters were, generally speak-
ing, a church-going people; and, on the
pleasant April morning of which I
speak, the church was well filled.

To Tad's secret joy, Deacon Whit-
ney's pew was next Captain Flagg's,
and soon he had the extreme satisfac-
tion of seeing Joe filing in ahead of his
sister, followed by Mrs. Whitney and
the deacon. Joe sat at the extreme
end, and thus the two boys were divided
only by the slight partition between
the pews.

Joe greeted Tad with a wink, and
clasping his hands together, rolled his
eyes upward, as though in rapturous
astonishment at Tad's festive appear-
ance.

"I think you're just as good as you
can be, and I wish I had something to
give you!" whispered Tad, warmly.
"Poh, that's all right," returned Joe,
shrugging his shoulders carelessly; and
a whispered conversation ensued, which
was only checked by the entrance of
the minister; whereat Joe, duly admon-
ished by a poke of his sister's fan, and



"WELL, HE IS WHAT I CALL A NICE-
LOOKING BOY,"

a glance of mild rebuke from the dea-
con, subsided into a temporary apathy,
with his hands being plunged
deeply into his pockets and his eyes
fixed steadfastly upon good Mr. Allen.

But I am sorry to say, Joe's thoughts
were by no means in keeping with the
place. He was cherishing and even
planning, a dire revenge on uncon-
scious Samantha Nason—who sat di-
rectly in front of him, in Miss Smith's
pew—for what he called her "tattling"
of the previous day.

The service proceeded in the good
old-fashioned way peculiar to country
churches. All denominations wor-
shipped under the same roof, and Mr.
Allen's words were but a plain and
simple talk about the lessons taught by
One who once walked upon earth, and
spoke as never man spoke. There was
very much in it that Tad perfectly un-
derstood, and, as he listened, a dim de-
sire to fashion his young life after the
teachings of the great Master began to
take form in his mind. True, it was
only embodied in the simple thought,
"I'll try to be a better boy," yet from
such beginnings oftentimes comes the
real success of a true Christian life.

And when the sermon closed Tad felt
that he should never be first of list-
ening to a minister who made things as
plain as did Mr. Allen.

Now, it was Samantha Nason's in-
variable habit to sit through the sing-
ing, while the others rose. "I work hard
all the week, and I'm going to make
Sunday my day of rest," said Saman-
tha once, a little defiantly, "an' I guess
I can worship the Lord as well settin'
down as standin' up."

As the closing hymn was being sung,
Tad noticed that Joe, who all through
the service had kept his right hand
persistently in his pocket, slowly with-
drew it, though without removing his
eyes from the pages of the hymn-book,
and, seemingly holding something in
his grasp, dipped his head and gently
along on the ledge of the pew before
him, till it was in close proximity to
the back of Miss Nason's neck. Then
he stole a sly glance in the direction of
his father and mother, who were too
intent upon following the words of the
hymn (in which was a stanza about the
notes of a woodland bird) to notice the
movements of their son. "Slowly Joe's
fingers unfolded, and after a moment
his hand stole back to a place beside its
fellow.

"Now what is he up to?" thought
Tad, stirred by the shadowy grin on
Joe's features. And, following the
direction of his friend's eyes, Tad's un-
spoken question was answered. Clun-
sily clambering over the back of the
pew, and then, with a suddenness that
was a brown wood-beetle, as big as
the end of Tad's little finger. But be-
fore he could decide what to do Miss

Nason bounded to her feet with a stifled
exclamation, and clutched frantically
at her back hair. Unfortunately she
caught hold of the innocent beetle it-
self, and, giving vent to a shrill
scream that made the rafters of the
house ring, she threw it violently from
her, to the great consternation of
every one in the house, many of whom
imagined Miss Nason had discovered a
mouse in the pew.

Mr. Allen pronounced the benedi-
ction and dismissed his congregation.
And naughty Joe Whitney, holding his
cap before his face, choked and gasped,
in the agonies of suppressed laughter,
all the way to the door.

CHAPTER XI.

The promise of April had given
place to the fulfillments of June, filling
the air with summer sunshine and
beauty. Tad, under the supervision of
Miss Smith, whose angular features
were shaded by an immense garden-
hat, was weeding the pansy-bed in the
front yard. Miss Smith, who was a
great flower-lover, made somewhat of
a specialty of cultivating sweet-scented
flowers, which she gave away in
their season, with a liberal hand.

You would hardly have recognized
Tad in the brown-faced boy, in blue
overalls, bending lovingly over the
quaint, upturned flower-faces that
peered into his own. He had taken to
his new vocation with surprising real-
ness, and Miss Smith secretly congrat-
ulated herself on having at last found
a boy after her own heart, though she
seldom allowed her satisfaction to show
itself in the form of words.

"Here comes that Forrest chap
again," muttered Miss Smith, discon-
tentedly, as she glanced toward an
elaborately-dressed young man, who
was sauntering along the elm-shaded
street; "I wish he'd kept away about
his own business, and not come idling
round, taking your attention off'n your
work."

For Mr. Paul Forrest was one of John
Duty's city leaders, who had scraped
an acquaintance with Tad very soon
after coming to Bixport. He seemed to
take a singular interest in Tad,
which, as he explained to Miss Smith,
arose from the boy's strong resem-
blance to his youngest and only brother,
who had died a year previous.

Miss Smith stoutly acknowledged the
fact, but, excepting herself of a family
of seven," he said, with a sad smile.
For Mr. Forrest did a great deal of
smiling, first and last; and, curious
enough, Tad, in some vague way, was
reminded by it of the genial Mr. Jones,
whom he had met in Boston, before
coming to Bixport. Of course, this
was simply an absurd fancy on his
part. The fraudulent Jones was a
smooth-faced young man, with gold-
tipped teeth—while Mr. Paul Forrest
sporting a very glossy black mustache,
that had a purplish tinge in certain
lights, and the whitest and most even
teeth that were ever seen outside a
dentist's establishment; neither was the
little blueish scar visible upon Mr.
Forrest's white forehead, that Tad had
noticed upon the intellectual brow of
Jones. Yet, all the same, he often un-
consciously connected the two in his
mind, even when he laughed at his
own folly in so doing.

"Miss Smith, good-morning—Tad,
my boy, how are you?" exclaimed Mr.
Forrest, with his effusive smile, as he
lounged idly up the garden-path, and
with a coolness peculiar to himself, sat
down on the edge of the garden piazza.

Miss Smith stoutly acknowledged the
greeting, and Tad, glancing up shyly,
said he was pretty well. He was a lit-
tle flattered by Mr. Forrest's evident
interest in himself—though he was not
quite sure that he liked it, after all. He
had nothing in common with the city-
bred gentleman, and was rather sur-
prised to know what Mr. Forrest could
have in common with himself.

"Come into the house after you get
through weeding, Tad; I want you,"
said Miss Smith, stalking past the un-
happily Mr. Forrest, who sat quite at
his ease, with the ivory head of his cane
balanced on his knee.

"Yes'm," was the meek reply, and
Tad silently continued his work, wish-
ing that Mr. Forrest would go, for he
was very well aware that Miss Smith
did not at all approve of the gentle-
man's frequent visitations.

In a small village like Bixport, where
every body's business is public prop-
erty, the story of Tad and his traveling
sachel was generally known, as was
also the fact that no attention had ever
been paid to Captain Flagg's advertise-
ment. So it was not strange that Mr.
Forrest should be in possession of the
same knowledge. He had referred to
the matter casually in conversation
with Tad, declaring that it was a mighty
interesting incident in real life—come,
now!

"So you never opened the little allig-
ator-skin sachel, to see what was in
it—oh, Tad!" suddenly asked Mr. For-
rest, after a short pause.

"Well, no, sir! I haven't a key—
and, if I had, I don't think it would be
just the thing, either," replied Tad, a
little surprised at the unexpected ques-
tion.

"Oh, I don't know," remarked Mr.
Forrest, coolly; "there might be some-
thing in it that would give you a clew
to the real matter."

"I think it's your duty to try and
open it," continued Mr. Forrest, seeing
the impression he had made.

"But I couldn't without breaking the
lock, and I don't like to do that,"
Tad answered, with a perplexed look.

"I suppose you keep it in your pos-
session?" inquired Mr. Forrest, care-
lessly; and Tad nodded. "Then, why
not bring the bag over to my room this
evening—I dare say some of my keys
will unlock it," suggested the gentle-
man, blandly.

"I'll think about it, sir," replied Tad,
cautiously, for he was not quite sure
that it would be just the right thing to
do; and, moreover, he wanted to ask
the advice of Miss Smith, in whose
good judgment Tad had the firmest con-
fidence, before taking any such decisive
step.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I will not write any more," said
a friend in closing her letter, "for
there is a spelling in the kitchen
pottery, waiting to be made."—Chicago
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HALF RATE LOCALS.

The following classes of local matter will be
accepted at half-rate, to wit: Resolutions
of respect, cards of thanks, notices
of religious and social gatherings, and
all other matter of a local character, all
of which will be charged at the rate of
one cent per line. These rates will be
strictly adhered to. Our space is our stock
in trade and we cannot insert advertisements
free of all paper with matters of no general
interest.

HERE AND THERE.

Jno. T. Raymond is booked for
April 7th, at the Opera House.

For choice Cabbage and Tomato
Plants. Apply to EUGENE WOOD.

The New Orleans Mistsrels gave
a performance at the Opera House last
night.

A brand new 6 drawer sewing machine
for sale at a sacrifice. Apply
at this office.

Prof. J. W. Rust will speak at Empire
on the Sunday school work the
first Sunday in April.

The interior improvements of the
Christian church are finished and
services will be held Sunday.

A post office has been established
at Anable, on the L. & N., with
Capt. C. D. Bell, postmaster.

The case of Greer vs. Peyton, ap-
pealed from this county, was reversed
by the Superior Court last week.

Any one wanting a home made side-
board, no-top buggy can secure a bargain
by calling on L. G. Williams & Co.

Ex-Mayor Henry Frech, one of
Clarksville's prominent citizens and
leading business men, died last Friday.

\$7,000 to loan to parties wishing to
secure homes. Hopkinsville Building
and Loan Association.

All persons to whom the late Samuel
E. Pryor was indebted will please
furnish their claims and send them to
Richard G. Pryor for payment, at his
residence, No. 119 Broadway, Cincinnati, O.

The books for subscription of stock
in the 11th series of the Hopkinsville
Building and Loan Association will be
open April 1st at the office of
Long, Garnett & Co.

Tnos. W. Long, Treas.

Mr. Jno. W. Cooper's cook room,
near Bennettstown, was burned one
night last week. It was only about
eight feet from his dwelling, which
was saved with great difficulty.

There was no insurance on the house
burned.

Sixteen persons united with the
Methodist church Sunday, making
about 20 who have joined since the
revival began. The interest is still
growing and conversions are reported
at every service. The meeting
will continue all of the week and
perhaps longer.

NOTICE.—The annual meeting of
the stockholders of the H. N. & C.
Tapioca Co., will be held at the
Court house Saturday, April 2nd, at
10 o'clock. Every stockholder is ur-
gently requested to be present.

Tnos. W. Long, Sec.

Geo. Knight has opened his store
at the crossing of the Swift road and
the L. & N. railroad, near E.
J. Faulkner's place. An effort is
being made to have a postoffice estab-
lished to be called Durham, which
would be three miles from any other
office.

Mrs. Amanda A. E. Rowlett, of
Kansas City, Mo., died Saturday
afternoon at the residence of her son-
in-law, Mr. Geo. C. Long, in this
city, aged about 70 years. Her funeral
was held at the Methodist church at
2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon,
by Rev. J. W. Lewis. Interment
in the city cemetery.

Florence Lodge No. 27, Rebekah
Degree of Odd Fellows, has been in-
stituted in this city with 16 mem-
bers. W. F. Rand was elected No-
ble Grand; Mrs. M. A. Anderson,
Vice Grand; W. C. Wright, Secre-
tary; Mrs. Mattie Rand, Treasurer.
It will meet the 3rd night in each
month, at the Odd Fellows Hall.

The list of persons who have joined
the Baptist church since our last re-
port has been increased to 21. The
following are the names of those not
reported: J. F. Wells and wife, T. H.
Davis and wife, Lucian Davis, R. M.
Anderson, Ernest Lander, Willie
Leavell, Duncan Galbreath, Victor
Flauca, Claude Bradshaw, Miss Essie
Blain, and Lena Hopson, and Mrs.
Mary Terrell. The meeting will go on
all this week.

Next Saturday, Apr. 2, has been ap-
pointed Arbor Day by the Governor.
The object is to plant trees for orna-
ment and shade in school grounds,
parks, groves and other places and
the day should be generally observed.
This is the first time an Arbor Day
has been designated in Kentucky and
the Governor has made the mistake
of naming a day about a month too
late. As the "sap" is up in April, a
large portion of the trees planted in
that month are almost certain to die.

The KENTUCKIAN office was honor-
ed Friday with a visit from a heavy
young lady pupil of South Ken-
tucky College, who came to acquaint
herself with the mysteries of the
"art" of preservation. Following are
the names of the party:

Miss Fannie B. Lillard, of the fac-
tory; Misses Myrtle M. Williams, Nonie
E. Downer, Nonie P. Brewer,
Ethel M. Stevens, Ethel Duke, Cora
M. Pringle, Jennie O. Wright, Lulu
Gates, Mattie J. Armstrong, Annie
Bailey, Maggie Kirkpatrick, Mary H.
Harris, Elsie R. Kirk, Maggie Stuart,
Valkie Brandon, Vickie Smith, Annie
Clark, Lella Chambers, Jennie Wil-
liams, Medora Leigh Gilbert, Monie
Rush, Maggie Brittain, Birdie Ran-
som, Anna Leigh King, Addie King.

Something About our new Engine
and Facilities for Turning out
Work.

The South Kentucky office was
last week supplied with a first class
engine, the only requisite needed to
make it the best equipped printing
and publishing establishment in this
section of the State. The machine
put in is the McKinley Air Engine,
patented in 1878 and manufactured by
the McKinley Engine Co., of Cin-
cinnati. It is in many respects the
best engine for ordinary purposes now
on the market. Among its points of
excellence are absolute safety under
all circumstances, low first cost, the
small quantity and cheap quality of
fuel and the absence of water and
cost of water connections and supply.

It is simple in construction, being
without pumps, pipes, gauges, cocks
and the supplying and regulating de-
vices common in other engines, the
only valve used being a small outlet
valve, operated by the common ball
governor.

It requires little attention, and any
person of ordinary skill and intelli-
gence can operate the engine success-
fully. The motion is steady and uni-
form, and the action noiseless. The
usual speed is 150 to 250 revolutions
per minute, as may be desired.

There is no pressure when the en-
gine is not running and but a light
pressure when running; no water
being used, there is no liability to
damage by freezing.

On account of the harmless nature
of this engine, no increased rates of
insurance are involved in its use in
an insured building.

The turnpike sentiment is growing
steadily. On the practical daily and
hourly value of this good work to
farmers, there should be unanimity
among intelligent men. There soon
will be. Mr. William Jessup, one of
the leading farmers of the Fairview
neighborhood, is raising a subscrip-
tion in concert with his neighbors to
macadamize the road for three miles
east of Fairview. Mr. Jessup is en-
gaged in a good work, but can he not
do better by moving in this direction
as well as joining the Christian Co-
union Turnpike Road Co. in the con-
struction of a continuous smooth
and solid road from Fairview to the
excellent wheat and tobacco market
of Hopkinsville?

In union there is strength. The
farmers should act in harmony with
this market. Let us all pull together.
Our interests are one, merchants,
warehousemen and farmers. If the
Fairview subscription will consoli-
date with us, before next winter shall
come with its fearful mud-holes, the
travel from Hopkinsville to Fairview
will be over one of the best wagon
roads in the United States, and in
that event the Hopkinsville market,
both for buying and selling will be
worth two-fold what it is now, for
the city will have very soon two-fold
its present population. Think too
of driving the distance between the
two towns in all seasons in ninety
minutes behind a clever trotter, to at-
tend a sale, festival or public meeting!
It is the farmer's cause. They must
rally as one man. Strike while the
iron is hot! and make it hotter still
under a white heat, by vigorous,
continual striking.

The question is asked daily, what
road will first be turnpiked? The
reply is, those roads along which the
clients manifest the strongest desire
for turnpikes, in the shape of addi-
tional subscriptions of stock to the
Union Turnpike Road Company. It
should be considered, that so far every
share of stock taken, with the ex-
ception of the subscription of M. H. Clark
& Bros., has been subscribed by the
property holders of Hopkinsville.
The subscription is liberal so far, but
to complete a system of wagon roads
worthy of the wealthy county of Chris-
tian, the farmers should now come
and give aid to the enterprise and
protect their own interests, while ad-
ding largely to the wealth of the
county.

The out represents the simplest
style of the one horse engine. They
are sent out in complete working or-
der; and, when placed in the desired
position and a stove-pipe connection
made to a flue, they are ready for fire.
With an ordinary coal fire it takes
from ten to twenty minutes to heat
an engine up ready for starting,
which is done by turning the fly-
wheel a part of a revolution. The
engine is stopped by opening a cock
in the governor-pipe. After stopping,
no attention is required, as nothing
can happen to injure the engine or
attendant. The engine does not ex-
haust, and the power is obtained by
causing an alternate pressure for the
out stroke and a vacuum for the re-
turn stroke, which are produced by
alternately heating and cooling the
air within the engine. This is ac-
complished by causing the air to flow
back and forth over the interior sur-
face of the engine, including the heat-
ing plate next to the fire, and an up-
per cooling plate and a quantity of
finely divided metallic surfaces with-
in. The cooling plate and cylinder
are kept cool by a constant current
of air that flows over their exterior
surface, and also entirely surrounds
the furnace, and within an envelope
of coarse slightly larger and complet-
ely enveloping them. Thus all the
heat absorbed from the engine, and
about all that would otherwise radi-
ate from the furnace, is picked up by
this current of air from without and
carried back into the ash-pan and in-
to the fire. This is an economic fea-
ture of great value, and goes on
whether the engine is running or
standing, and prevents overheating
at any time.

The engine occupies little space, is
symmetrical in form, compact, effi-
cient and reliable, and has many de-
sirable qualities not possible with any
other form of engine known. They
are built upon strictly scientific and
mechanical principles and the cost of
the two-horse power size is \$350.

OUR NEW MACHINE.

Mr. J. L. Bair, of the McKinley
Engine Co., Cincinnati, came down
last Wednesday and put up one of
this size in our office, which is
now running our Campbell printing
press and new Challenge job presses,
the latter purchased in Chicago a few
weeks ago. The first work of the en-
gine was to run off our entire edition,
which was done without a hitch or
slip of any kind and at a speed of
1000 papers an hour. The machine
has been doing all of our work since
that time, and, after having tried it
for a week running light and heavy
presses, we unhesitatingly pronounce
it to be a triumph of science and the
inventors' art combined. The cost
of running it is no more than the cost
of keeping a fire in an ordinary stove.
A bushel of coal will run it for a day,
which will make the cost of fuel only
about 50 cents per week when the
machine is run constantly. It re-
quires no engineer, there is no regula-
tion of water level or pressure to look
after, and no possible danger of acci-
dent to the attendant and if it has
any faults we have not been able to
discover them in the time that we
have been running it.

ONLY FIVE IN KENTUCKY.

Besides the one introduced in this
office there are but four of these ma-
chines now in use in Kentucky. Two
of them are used for pumping water
at Cynthiana, one is in the
Covington Enterprise office and one
in the office of the Boone News, at
Paris. These have all been used for
about a year and they have done
have given perfect satisfaction in
all respects. With new presses, new
types, a new Caloric engine and occu-
pying our own new building built
especially for our business, we can

What Turnpike Shall First Be
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steadily. On the practical daily and
hourly value of this good work to
farmers, there should be unanimity
among intelligent men. There soon
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mand of our business is in the
hands of a competent, experienced
and reliable man and as we manage
our own business and give our per-
sonal attention to all its branches, we
can guarantee all work turned out to
be satisfactory, and, as there are no
middlemen's profits to tack on, we can
do work at prices that for cheapness
defy competition.

